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The Trinity Review, May 1948

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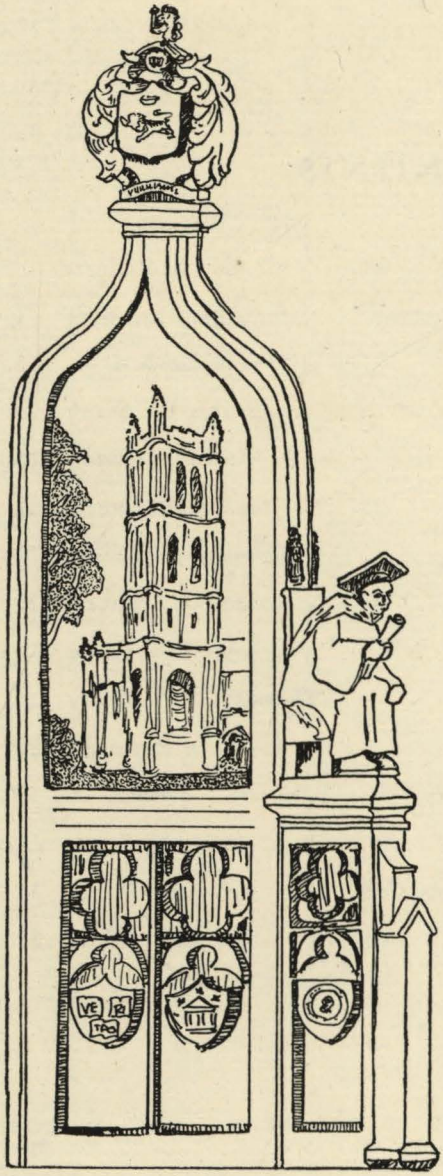
APOLOGIA

The third number of this volume of the Review *is appearing on the weekend designated by the college as commemorative of its one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary. It is a happy coincidence that such a celebration should be in order at the time of the* Review's *evident emergence from the ranks of embryonic undertakings to those comprised of established and vital institutions. The newly instituted editorial board wishes at this time to pledge itself to the maintenance and furthering of the literary ideals so well defined by the previous editors.*

A special debt of gratitude is owed to Harold W. Gleason, Jr. for his patient and understanding guidance in the production of this issue.

—The Editors

CONTENTS



In Memoriam
Rem. Trin.
Ex Dono Fratris

STANLEY F. RODGERS, '50

The Trinity Review

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THE VISIT OF SIR RICHARD LIVINGSTONE

Sir Alfred Zimmern
Visiting Professor of International Relations
History Department, Trinity College

AS an appropriate prelude to the Anniversary celebrations Trinity College received a distinguished visitor on Monday, April 26, when Sir Richard Livingstone met the Faculty, at the invitation of President Funston, and later delivered the Moore Greek Lecture for the year.

The Moore lecture is an annual occasion recalling, to those both inside and outside the College, the classical tradition for which Trinity has stood so consistently since its foundation. This year's lecturer illustrates, and indeed embodies, this tradition in a peculiar degree: for Sir Richard is, with the possible exception of Dr. Gilbert Murray, the leading Greek scholar in present day Britain. He has earned this title not only by his books but by his undefatigable labours on behalf of Greek studies and of humane education in general. For it is significant, and surely in harmony with the Trinity tradition, that this accomplished Hellenist should, in the later stage of his career, have become the foremost exponent and crusader in England of adult education, a concept which, as he is never tired of explaining, was first set forth by Plato.

So far as Trinity is concerned, the cause of adult education can best be furthered by an ever-closer association between the College and the citizens of Hartford—an association which the Anniversary and the effort of which it is the climax have done so much

to cement. It is indeed fortunate that Sir Richard should have visited Trinity just at this juncture when, under the leadership of a President who himself exemplifies the Greek concept of all-round excellence, so much is being done to spread its radiating influence in the community.

British and American education necessarily differ greatly in their methods: for each is the product of a special social situation. There is no virtue in trying to fashion British institutions on the Trinity model, or *vice versa*—though it may be worth remarking that one of the most famous British "Public Schools", Rugby, has lately appointed as Headmaster a man who had made his mark in a business career.

But what unites the two countries is the sense, which has been the saving grace of both peoples, that education is not a mystery to be kept within an ivory tower or a thinker's closet, but is an integral part of the whole of life, and that the educated man is one who has so perfected his development, in body, mind and spirit, that he can best render service to his community and to the wider world. This is the conception of education for which Oxford, in the persons of Sir Richard Livingstone and a long line of "Oxford men" before him, has always stood and which Trinity is proud to affirm at this Anniversary hour of rededication.

THE SPITE FENCE

Frank Lambert, '49

CIRCUIT Preacher Amos Hall pulled up his horse and regarded the fence. He was in for trouble in this new parish. He had been a preacher long enough to smell trouble a mile off. Even before he reached the center of the village, the tall, board spite fence told him of a quarrel and a quarrel village is hard to preach to.

It wouldn't pay to sit there all day and stare at the fence. The chances were good he was being watched from both the houses, and it was near time for the service.

"Yup!"

The old mare resumed her steady, slow walk. Amos looked with interest at the farms along the road. Three of them were weather-beaten and in need of paint, but the two glaring at each other over the spite fence were freshly whitened. All the barns, which begin with the woodshed in Central New York State, were dark red, but then, the barn comes first to a good farmer.

"Guess the 'Golden Rule' sermon ain't goin' to be strong enough for these folks. They're goin' to need a purge of brimstone," he muttered to the mare, who flopped one ear back to listen. "Let's see, naow . . ."

At the crossroads, he turned into the church yard. He surveyed the decaying, clapboard building with mild surprise. The carriage-shed behind it was collapsed at one end, and some boards had been stolen. The yard was knee-high with last year's weeds, and the path to the door was not as worn as Amos would have wished. He thoughtfully dismounted and loosened the cinch. He wouldn't unsaddle until the deacon, or whoever Mr. Thomas Barber might be, came to welcome him. The mare, from long habit, began to search optimistically for sweet gross under the dead weeds.

The door to the church was unlocked, and Amos pushed it open. He stood in the doorway measuring the absent congregation by the look of things. A window had been broken out on one side, and the weather had come in. Under the broken window, the wall

was damp and mossy. Feud village! Spite fences! Not so good for the Church of God!

"You Preacher Hall?"

Amos started for he hadn't heard the man come into the yard behind him. He turned, smiling his congregation smile at the short, stout farmer.

"You must be Deacon Barber! A pleasant day for a service."

They shook hands country-fashion. The quick, loose clasp. The one shake, and their hands fell back to their sides. The deacon shifted onto his other foot, and spat into the weeds.

"Looks as how the church could stand some fixin' up," he said. "We ain't had no preacher here since last fall, and he was passing through from Albany. Feller named Harker, if ya' know him . . ."

"Yes," said Amos, gravely.

". . . but now you're coming every other Sunday, I'll get the ladies to fix up some. Could run my mower through this yard, too, next time I get a minute."

Amos wasn't listening with more than half an ear, but he nodded and "yessed," automatically. He was thinking how to get the deacon started talking about the quarrel. Trouble was, maybe the deacon was one of the feuders. A carriage full of children supervised by a harassed-looking woman turned into the church yard.

"Reckon I'd better begin to prepare, Deacon. Will you open a few windows while I unsaddle?"

But the deacon wanted to talk some more, and he looked resentfully at the windows. He had a deaconly duty to perform, and wanted to get it over and done with.

"Reverend. The missus is expecting you over to our house for dinner after church."

"Well, naow, that is right hospitable of your missus, and I accept the invitation kindly." Amos was relieved that the formalities were over and he could get started. As he walked over to the mare, he noted that two carriages had already arrived, and there was a farm wagon pulled by a matched, light team turning in the yard. Parts of conversations drifted across the church yard.

"There's the new preacher, Ma!"

"Sshhhhh! He'll hear ya'!"

"Young man you get your hands offun that box lunch!"

"Whoa, thar'!"

But Amos, by long established custom, could not be acknowledged by them until after the preaching. Apparently unaware of their presence, he removed the worn, leather Bible from the right saddle-bag, and put it in his right coat-pocket. He always carried the Bible on his right side, figuring to keep it in an honored position. Then he unsaddled and turned the mare loose. She would stay around the church yard from long habit.

The carriages, buggies, and farm wagons were beginning to arrive from outlying farms. This preaching was a social event, a change from the ceaseless routine of chores, and the whole community would be there, even the Catholic postmaster in his Civil War uniform, stumping along on his wooden leg.

Amos looked at his watch. It was almost a quarter to ten, and he'd better get started. He walked up the steps into the church. The deacon had opened only one window, so he went around to the others and hammered the moisture-swollen windows open with the heel of his hand.

He began his preparations. From the deep pocket of his riding coat, he drew the Bible and a hymn book, placing them on the lectern of the pulpit. Then, he carefully removed his riding coat, and hung it with his hat on a nail in the wall. With thick fingers, he smoothed his hair and tightened the knot of the string tie. From a pocket of his frock-coat, he pulled a large red handkerchief, wiped his eyes and face, brushed the dust from his coat and trousers, and blew his nose with two, sharp blasts. From his hip pocket, he took a second handkerchief, and carefully wiped the chalky road-dust from his riding boots before pulling the trouser-legs out of the boot-tops and down over them.

Taking a sheet of paper from the hymn book on the lectern, he selected four hymns from the table of contents and wrote the numbers carefully. Then he tore the paper into neat halves and wrote the numbers again. The first list he weighted down on the lectern with the hymn book. The second list he placed on the golden-oak pump organ for the organist. His sermon was taking form in his mind, and he wanted some spine-chillers to increase the effect.

The women and children began to come in. They sat toward the front, filling the damp church with noises of clattering shoes, muffled whispers to the children, and the scuffle of small bare feet on the board floor. The men and older boys stood around outside

talking and chewing until the last moment before the service. They were standing in two groups when Amos walked through the shyly-staring womenfolk to the door.

"Deacon, I reckon it's about time. I wanted to ask who was it plays the organ since nobody's come forth?"

The deacon was standing on the steps with the postmaster. He scratched his head thoughtfully.

"Miz Slater always plays," he said. "But she's home with a new baby. Reckon you might ask since there are two others can play. Trouble is . . ." he paused, spat, and squinted up at Amos ". . . trouble is there's a mite of difficulty about which lady to ask. Miz Rocklidge usta' play a few years ago, and Miz Simmons took up organ at the Cortland Seminary, but it seems you ask one, t'other ain't going to 'preciate, and neither one'd come forard without bein' asked."

So they were the feuders, thought Amos. The Rocklidges and the Simmonses.

"Deacon, it might be a sight better if you forgot I asked you, and we'll see what we can do." Amos winked at the deacon to make sure he appreciated the situation.

Deacon Barber winked back and the old postmaster nodded. Amos walked up the aisle. The men spit out their quids and filed in, each group sitting on different sides of the church.

He began the service with an introduction. The church was silent except for the shuffle of feet, the hum of insects outside, and the far-off cawing of a flock of crows.

"Folks of Odyssey Corners Church. I would like to introduce myself as the circuit preacher of the Gospel which Deacon Barber has been in correspondence with. My name is Amos Hall. It is my devout hope to bring the Word to you for the coming summer startin' today on every other Sunday. I'll be proud to meet you after church and we can talk about baptizin' then, since there ain't been a preacher here since fall. As you know, Miz Slater is celebratin' a blessed event at home, and there ain't nobody to play the organ, so I'll be obliged to make out as well as I can by playin' myself. We will open the service by singing' Hymn Number Eighty-two in the Hymnal."

He intoned the first verse, sat down at the organ, pulled out all the stops, and began to pump out "That Old Rugged Cross." The congregation was well loosened up by the second verse, and Amos

quieted his singing a little. He had no love for loud-singing preachers. He listened to the music with enjoyment, for in his years on circuit, he had learned to love country singing. Volume can do a lot in the praise of the Lord, and key doesn't matter so much.

After the Scripture-reading, he led into the prayers with a solemn voice. He prayed for the sick and the absent. He prayed for the sinners. He prayed for the fruitfulness of the field and the Godwardness of man. His voice grew louder as he warmed to his work praising and thanking the Lord for His blessings to the land and the people of the land. In his last prayer, he prayed for those who hated and fought each other in wars and in all of life. He didn't use the word "quarrel." He was saving that for the sermon.

After another hymn, he mounted to the pulpit and looked down on his congregation.

"Bless these words that they lead us to Thee, O God," he said under his breath, and launched into the sermon.

"As I rode down here to Odyssey Corners this morning, I searched my mind for a text that would be just right on this beautiful day. I searched through the Scriptures until I hit on a text all the world could take for a motta. All you good people in this land o' Canaan, in this land o' flowing milk and honey could heed this text, 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.' I thought that in this beautiful land there'd be no need for hate and meanness. I was ridin' down to a new parish where smilin' folks would greet me to hear my message. The Holy Scriptures was my message, and so I figured on preachin' the Golden Rule of our Lord, Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God—that same Lamb that come down from Heaven to keep us from the flaming, sulphurous hell-fires of Bee-ellzubub.

"I said to myself, these folks are good folks. There maybe ain't no need to preach even on the Golden Rule because no mortal man'd defy the Word by doin' evil here. That's just what I thought, folks. That's just what I thought until I come around the turn down yonder and beheld two new-painted houses about ten rods apart. That was in rod measurement, because they was miles apart in spirit. When I saw what was between them two houses, I threw the Golden Rule text out of my head. I needed something stronger, so I thought through Matthew until I come to twenty-second chapter, verse thirty-nine. You people should know this verse by heart. It came from the lips of the Lord Jesus, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.'

"Is there room in heaven for the breakers of the Law? When that great Day o' Judgment cometh, the Judge will ask you folks to count your sins. Maybe you ain't read your Scripture lately! Maybe you don't teach your blessed youngsters the Word o' God! Maybe you folks living in this rich land have forgotten your God like the Hebrews coming out o' Egypt in Exodus! No man can break the Law of the Lord and git into His graces without repentance! Not when he lets his sin live alongside of him and don't make no effort to change his ways of error!

"You folks know what I saw down the road a quarter of a mile? I saw a black sin against the Lord. In a vision I saw two families of fine people standing before the Judgment Seat with a spite fence, high and jagged at the top, between them and the Lord God Almighty. A spite fence wasn't no use to them on Judgment Day! The fence wasn't staked between them two families, the fence was stuck into the ground between these families and the great Jehovah, and Jehovah wasn't so good as you might think about lookin' over that fence at them. The Maker just didn't care about seein' them at all. These folks was law-breakers—not common criminals of civil law—but law-breakers in the awful sight of God."

The deacon was sitting bolt upright in a front pew. Obviously, he hadn't expected to see the new preacher go whole-hog after the big quarrel before he had been in the district more than an hour. One of the women in the rear said a soft "Amen" to the pause, and Amos blessed her gratefully in his heart. A red-faced woman in the fifth row was staring at Amos as if she had sat on a nettle. The men in the back were shuffling and uneasy except for the postmaster who was snoring gently. Amos wiped his face on the big, red hankerchief.

"But there is just as bad things going on in this parish. This ain't no land o'God with the only church falling to decay, not enough hymn books, and the yard all growed up with weeds. I can tell by looking at the cemetery that there ain't been a cemetery-cleaning bee in a coupla' years. I guess there are just some people here who ain't willin' to serve the Lamb o' God who gave His life to the world—who shed His precious blood out on the ground at Calvary for us, for us poor sinners to save us from the eternal Hell-fires! You heard of Hell, ain't you? You have woke up at night from a dream of the Devil closing in on you to drag you off below. The smoke, the hot flames licking at you and burning your flesh, the prick of the Devil's

tine-fork going into you! Your throat is choked and there ain't nothin' but boiling, sulphurous springs to quench your thirst! The air stinks of pumice and rotten souls. Hell ain't a place to fool with! Hell ain't a place to slide down to! It's all down-hill goin' to Hell and there ain't no thank-you-marms to slow your passage.

"You folks better do your prayin' while you're still on this green earth. Pray when you get ready to eat! Pray when you sink the plow-point into the land at the first spring plowin'! Pray for salvation! Tear down them evil spite fences, not ashamed and at night, but go out in the broad light of His blessed day and tear 'em down together as brothers and as lovers of the Holy Lamb! Repent your sins so that you can be saved! But don't just repent your sins at night and alone, repent all the time! Tear down your spite fences all the time! Carry your troubles to God, and He, alone, will be the judge upon you!"

Amos changed the timbre of his voice, bringing the sermon back to the problem at hand.

"I ain't met the people of this parish yet. I expect to meet you after church and know you by name. I don't know them people what have to have a spite fence between them instead of brotherly love, but when I visit you folks on parish calls this Wednesday and next, I want to be able to walk from one brother's door to the next without going out to the road. If the ladies of the church is willin', we'll have a cemetery-and-church cleanin' bee on Wednesday afternoon at four o'clock and get this church cleaned up. Let us revive the Holy Church of God in brotherly and sisterly love and service to His name.

"Now if the deacon will oblige by passing the plate, we'll sing 'Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow' and make it ring from the hills!"

He went over to the organ and began to play, singing the words at the top of his lungs. The congregation was considerably moved and joined in with fervor. Louder and louder, the song, *The Doxology,* rolled from the little church up to the Lord. . . .

After the service, Amos stood at the door to shake hands with the men and women. He felt like their new pastor, now, and full of fatherly love. He smiled at the children who stared shyly back, clutching the skirts of their mothers and scraping their bare feet

edgewise on the floor. He greeted the women with his best congregation smile.

The men shook hands country-fashion.

"I'm Silas Lovegood, Reverend. Me and the missus will be pleased to have you call on us."

"That was a good sermon, Preacher, and what we been needing at Odyssey Corners!"

"We'll all be to the bee, Parson!"

"Will you be baptizin' soon, Reverend? My family is kinda' behind!"

One man, who introduced himself as the store-keeper from across the road, whispered into his ear, "Shake 'em up, Preacher! This squabble over a half-acre of sugar bush has bin a-goin' since young Eph Rocklidge come home. It has the whole districk a-pullin' and a-pushin'."

The last man, a heavy-bearded man in his late twenties, was scowling when his turn to shake hands came. He did not put out his hand, but stood staring at Amos. The congregation stood in little groups talking in the yard, but gradually their conversation died away. Everyone was watching Amos and the bearded man, who began to speak softly.

"Preacher, you kinda' stuck your neck out by sermonizin' about somethin' that ain't none o' your damn business!"

Amos looked steadily at the man. " Your name is . . .?"

"My name is Eph Rocklidge, and I'm the man you painted so sinful in your sermon. I don't know what you figure to gain, but you'd better take your mind off me and keep it off, else we'll talk in stronger language. Nobody's goin' to stick their nose in my business, not even a trav'lin' preacher!"

"Brother Rocklidge," said Amos, "Do you reckon the Word o' God has no application to your business?" His voice was cold and calm, where it had been only calm before.

"Keep your questions to yourself," the dark man replied. "Now I'm warnin' you for the last time, you lay offa' me or get out o' this parish and stay out!"

"That sounds like a threat, Brother!" Amos whispered the words through a dangerous half-smile. He noticed that the women had hustled the children out of sight to the carriages. This must be the

bully of the hen-yard, he thought. Well, sometimes it takes more than the Word o' God to bring about a sinner. He stepped out into the sunlight.

"Men, Brother Eph Rocklidge seems to think I'd better keep out o' the affairs of Odyssey Corners, and me and God have something different in mind. Brother Rocklidge threatens me with a lickin' if I don't shut up. Naow, I'll fight Brother Rocklidge on two conditions, witnessed by the men o' this parish. If I lose, I'll get out and stay out. But if I whup him, he and me will walk right down the road right now and pull down his fence. The other condition is that he serve for one year on the vestry of this here church . . . if I whup him! Do you fight on these terms, Brother?" He turned to the glowering Rocklidge who hadn't counted on this, exactly.

"Preacher, git ready to git out. You're goin' to eat yard dirt!" Eph said.

With the same methodical care with which he had prepared for the service, Amos now removed his coat, tie, and watch. The men stared appraisingly at the whiteness of his arms and the narrow shoulders. It made them feel almost sick to think what Eph would do to him. The deacon came over and looked worriedly up at him.

"Reverend Hall, that man, Eph, just come back from the Canawl a year ago. He fights Canawl-style and can whup nearabouts everybody around here!"

"Deacon," Amos scowled down into the round, scared face, "the Word of God will prevail against evil ways, here or on the Canawl."

A circle formed around the two men. Amos said a prayer to the Almighty and signaled his readiness. Eph, in his shirt sleeves, looked like two of the preacher.

"Eat yard-dirt, preacher," yelled Eph as he lowered his head and charged.

Amos locked his hands together and brought them down with a crack on the black head. Both men went down in a heap. Eph aimed a knee at the preacher's groin, but Amos was too quick, and rolled free to jump onto his feet. He aimed a kick at Eph's belly, and missed. Eph grabbed the foot and pulled the preacher down onto him.

"Praised be, another Canawl-fighter," shouted the deacon.

But Eph had a closed scissor around the preacher's middle, and was slowly squeezing the breath out of him.

"Goddam Preacher!" he grunted.

Amos thought his ribs would cave in, as the thick legs drew closer and closer together. Now, he thought, now or never! With a gasp of pain, he raised his fist, and brought it down on Eph's nose, just below the eyes. He felt the bone crunch beneath the blow, and his hand felt numb. He raised his first again, down it came on the same spot. He heard a scream of pain, but his mind was not functioning properly. He brought his fist up again, and down it came. The broken hand made him wince. He felt the scissor relax.

"Again? You want it again?" he gasped.

But Eph was unconscious, his crushed face a mass of bloody pulp. Amos tried to get to his feet, but fell. On the second try, he made it.

"Amen, Lord!" shouted the deacon.

"Amen!" said the storekeeper, feeling the need for something to say.

"Bring a wagon," said Amos. He was white from his exertion and shame at the deed he had done.

One of the men led his team around in front of the church. They loaded the unconscious Eph onto the wagon-bed, and Amos and the deacon climbed in. A long procession followed the wagon down the road to the Rocklidge place. Nobody wanted to miss the fence-razing.

"Kinda' like a funeral, ain't it?" said the deacon, admiringly.

"More like a wedding," said Amos. He bent down over the prostrate man on the bed of the wagon.

"Get up!" he said. "Wake up, Brother Rocklidge! There's God's work to do before dinner-time!"

MELODY PLAYED SWEETLY IN TUNE

George W. Stowe, '49

IN his *Essay on Burns,* Carlyle, despite an overly rhapsodic treatment of the Scottish bard, penetrates to the core of the poet's age-transcending universality. And to Carlyle the essence of this greatness is to be found in the Scotchman's songs. His pronouncement that they are, "without dispute, the most finished, complete, and truly inspired pieces of Burns"—has remained a valid judgment from the time it was written up to the present. The sometimes insurmountable barriers presented by a language of many dialects have not remained handicaps to the enjoyment of the balladeer's art. Surely we can devise no higher hurdle for greatness to overleap.

Bobby Burns was probably the most notable forerunner of the romanticism which was to be the keynote of the early nineteenth century. Although the widespread interest in Scottish minstrelsy antedated Burns' work, mainly because of the popularity of Robert Percy's *Reliques* and to McPherson's *Ossian,* Burns represents the initial creative phase which was the outgrowth of that popularity. To his own Scottish heritage he added the priceless and individual ingredient. And not since the time of Queen Elizabeth, according to Carlyle, had anything comparable been accomplished.

Burns' first attempt at song-writing coincided with a case of puppy-love engendered by a Highland lass by the name of Nelly Kilpatrick. To the object of his youthful affections he wrote, in his fifteenth year, the song, "Handsome Nell." There was a difference, however, between his method and that of most youthful versifiers. When a girl aroused him to poetic feeling, he did not merely sit down and string his emotions together in rhyme. He sought for a tune which would express his feelings. His emotion did not progress directly to words, but he must have the music in his consciousness to inspire the words. In this respect he is almost unique among modern poets. To appreciate his lyrics fully one must hear them sung to the tunes which evoked them.

The composition of "Handsome Nell" led the young poet to a conscious study of poetical craft. He copied this song into his

Commonplace Book, the only record of his early creativeness and for the numerous English songs which he had collected. He pored over these English folk-tunes and they became the stimulus for many of his early songs. The title page of this *Commonplace Book* of Burns is very revealing of the man:

> "Observations, Hints, Songs, Scraps of Poetry, etc., by Robert Burness; a man who had little art in making money, and less in keeping it; but was, however, a man of some sense, a great deal of honesty, and unbounded good-will to every creature—rational or irrational. As he was little indebted to scholastic education and bred at a plough-tail, his performance must be strongly tinctured with his unpolished, rustic way of life; but, as I believe they are really *his own*, it may be some entertainment to a curious observer of human-nature to see how a ploughman thinks and feels under the pressure of Love, Ambition, Anxiety, Grief, with the like cares and passions, which, however diversified by the modes and manners of life, operate pretty much alike, I believe, in all the Species."

Unlike Wordsworth, whose poetry was emotion recollected in tranquillity, Burns wrote poetry the emotion of which was recollected through the medium of music. As he grew older the emotion did not need the immediacy that it did in youth, but the dependence on music grew correspondingly greater. He wrote to George Thompson in 1793:

> "Until I am compleat master of a tune, in my own singing (such as it is) I can never compose for it. My way is: I consider the poetic Sentiment, correspondent to my idea of the musical expression; then chuse my theme; begin one stanza; when that is composed, which is generally the most difficult part of the business, I walk out, sit down now and then, look out for objects in Nature around me that are in unison or harmony with the cogitations of my fancy and the workings of my bosom; humming every now and then the air with the verses I have framed: when I feel my Muse beginning to jade, I retire to the solitary fireside of my study and there commit my effusions to paper; swinging at intervals, on the hind legs of my elbow chair, by way of calling forth my own critical strictures, as my pen goes on."

Burns, with his keenly sensitive ear for poetic rhythms, derived principles and reached conclusions which were at complete variance with the orthodoxy of his own century. He readily realized that the charm of folk-poetry lies in its possession of musicality rather than regularity. Only Blake, among his contemporaries, showed more radical tendencies in his theories of rhythm. Even the purported innovation by Coleridge (in his "Christabel") of hypermetrical syllables seems quite tame and conventional in comparison. At one time Burns even tried to persuade George Thompson that a song could be poetry even in the case where the lines did not add up to the same number of syllables.

The Scottish dialect which Burns used was more literary than most of his contemporaries realized. He did not so much derive that vocabulary directly from Ayrshire speech as he did from a conglomeration of other sources. Allan Ramsay, Robert Fergusson, and numerous other balladeers supplied much of the vernacular. During his Border tour, he jotted down many examples of dialectical speech, but these he chose mainly for their pithiness, humor, or poetic articulateness. He habitually alternated between English and Scottish spellings in order to facilitate rhyme or rhythm. Like the cockney of Kipling, his dialect was partially synthetic.

But whatever sacrifices Burns made to authenticity, its compensation was found in the straightforward and terse honesty of his balladry, the certain token of a man who was near to nature and to humanity. If we may allot the final judgment to Mr. Carlyle:

> "The story, the feeling . . . is not said, or spouted in rhetorical completeness and coherence; but sung, in fitful gushes, in glowing hints, in fantastic breaks, in warblings not of the voice alone, but of the whole mind."

BENT REEDS BREAK

Leonard C. Overton, '49

WHEN Roger Canning awoke, it was late morning. Sunshine streamed through the open window to lie in a rectangular pool on the coarse texture of the rug and the curtains ballooned faintly as a whimsical summer breeze lightly brushed the wall of the building. Somewhere in the next block a church bell announced a Sunday service. Across the street a car pulled away from the curb with the accelerative pitch of haste.

Roger Canning stretched his legs as the awareness of light and sound flowed back into his body, then with a precipitate thrust sat up and reached for a cigarette. Lighting it, he eased himself back into bed and after a long exhalation of smoke waited for his mind to shift its jumbled impressions. The bell tolled again with an imperious note of summons in its voice and the oscillatory echoes reminded him of a vague, metallic tension, as if all the infinite divisions of time had dissolved suddenly into an ominous sediment.

Propitious sound, he thought. Just the thing to bring out the comedy and tragedy of the act of breathing. He blew a mouthful of smoke in salute to the now-silent bell.

Canning's gaze caught the patch of sunlight illuminating the floor rug. He decided that it was the usual covering found on the floor of a third-rate hotel and that the other furnishings—the mirrorless bureau, the wobbly writing desk in the corner, the painful straight-backed chair—were adequately imbued with the traditional view of transientness one expected from a hotel room. Even sunlight and wind-ruffled curtains couldn't efface the sterile effect of fire-exit signs, insurance calendars, and empty bureau drawers. He thought of his predecessors in this room, those who arrived with the inevitability of evening and left with the inexorability of morning, leaving nothing of themselves behind. Impersonal, was the word. People come and go and the impersonal room goes on forever.

Supporting himself on his arm he lay on his side and flicked a cigarette ash towards the patch of illuminated rug. It described a low arc and landed soundlessly in the center of a figured brown flower, then collapsed evenly into a gray powder nearly indiscernible on the exposed threads of the petals. A sudden draft from the

window made him aware of his pajamaed body and he looked reflectively down its length.

Here lies a reed, he thought. Feeble, impotent, pitiful, and filled with a loathsome bucket-full of blood and intestines which smell hideously when splashed over some concrete road or coral beach. But add a brain to the reed, turn the reed into a thinking reed, and the magical result is the greatest thing in nature. Canning grimaced. One of our more illustrious formulae, he decided. Reed plus brain equals thinking reed of infinite capacity. But examine the monstrous nature of this overgrown trilobite. Consider the first pathetic fallacy innate in this race of thinking reeds, the ends and limitations of the nerve fibers which sit like gray pudding in the cerebral hemispheres. The material benefits piled up by the reed in the deified name of progress have outstripped his control and now tend to drown him in a stinking sea of social and spiritual unhappiness, and perhaps as he goes down for the third time he may be lucky enough to hear above his own Promethean screams the atonal cadence of a dissonant symphony playing the funeral dirge. But even more ironic is the non-material sphere where the reed is no longer sure that his own synthetic absolute exists. An absolute, as some sensitive progenitor found, is as necessary for survival as a throat-full of fresh air and because of this relationship the race shaped one early in the process that finally evolved the thinking reed. But now it seems that the job was too thorough, too perfect, for the absolute was placed too far from outstretched fingers which, in spite of the nearly unbearable desire to grasp it, will never close the intervening distance. So the very validity of the formula is denied. The thinking reed, that greatest natural vertebrate, that flower on the stem of evolution, is like a child fighting a current in equilibrium with his own progress. He swims and swims and swims but—because of an error of placement which makes all non-material advance relative—he will never reach land until eternity explodes into a million miserable splinters.

Canning stubbed out his cigarette with a vicious twist of his fingers. Falling back on the pillow, his body tense, he brushed his brow with the palm of his right hand as if to wipe away a perpetual numbness.

But only the sensitive suffer, he recalled. The sensitive suffer unspeakably because they are the ones who actually feel the prob-

lem, the ones who fall asleep doubled up by the paralyzing desire to find the mythical solid ground. And presently the sensitive come to understand the true nature of the problem but even worse, perhaps, they realize that the great and illustrious formula crawls with maggots of fallacy. And if the sensitive reed wishes to keep his integrity in this world of bewilderment, he puts a bullet through his sensitive head.

Roger Canning stood up and walked slowly to the window. Looking down, he stared unseeingly at a shirt-sleeved man carrying a bulky Sunday paper under his arm. Except for this solitary traveler the street seemed deserted. The sun was nearly overhead now and heat waves began to dance on the tar pavement. Canning remained motionless as minutes pulsed away, then he turned and slowly strapped on his wristwatch.

An hour later he had dressed, packed his single bag, and paid his hotel bill. Outside he mailed a letter in a box across the street and then walked to a subway entrance at the end of the block. The damp, cool air of its depths reminded him of the commingling odors exuded by a wet, rush hour crowd pushing its way out of a November rain towards the windmilling turnstiles to pack the platform with a surging, opportunistic mass of impatient homegoers. Even in summer, it seemed to him, these harshly-lit subterranean caverns retained smells reminiscent of wet overcoats and sodden shoes. Canning loved the subway. It was a treasure-house crowded with all the priceless scenes of human association. It was fascinating, panoramic, ominous.

He checked his bag in one of the individual baggage lockers and bought a paper at the magazine counter. Headlines stared back at him. As the news content seeped into his mind, a sensory relay activated the inevitable little voice behind his eyes.

No progress, he decided, no progress at all. War and pestilence and famine still ride their bone-littered paths while men pound out pompous platitudes on all the world's typewriters. What an intolerable cacophony it would be if one were permitted to hear simultaneously all the death cries and printing press noises, to hear the last great rasp of the collective human larynx accompanied by the impersonal crescendo of linotype virtuosi. Think of the appalling waste of time and effort put into the consequences of the breathing act. And once again the corruption of the formula is sickeningly clear as we daily

demonstrate our inability to learn lessons taught by catastrophe. The inherent intellectual disease of the race is ghastly, thought Canning, but even more pitiful are the bone-headed people who try desperately to force the medicine of faith down the patient's throat. When it spews up in a fountain of poisonous vomit, everyone looks puzzled and wonders what on earth can be wrong, while in the meantime new cures are thought up with all the brilliance of cocktail-party conversation. Canning folded the paper and threw it away.

The beam of a headlight slid along the white-tiled wall of the subway platform as a Park St. car pulled in with a hiss of opening doors. Canning swung on. The pitched scream of metal travelling over three equally metallic rails lulled his mind and he waited patiently for the outside darkness to blend into the yellow oasis of Park. When the car stopped he pushed his way out, followed the crowd up the stairs to street level, then turned into the shaded avenues of the Common.

The great park stretched out to him in a domesticated wilderness cut by radiating walks lined with trees and shrubs, beyond which lay squares of green lawn. Every slat-faced bench seemed jammed with untidy specimens of perspiring humanity. The overflow spilled over on the grass where in perfect anonymity vagrants lay in the sprawling relaxation of sleep, newspapers pulled over their faces, coats folded neatly beside them.

Canning felt peculiarly objective as a flood tide of detachment pulled at his mind. I walk through contrasts, he mused. I walk through a forest hemmed in by traffic, along paths lined with people, and my loneliness is climactic. Fat-bellied pigeons move jerkily from beneath my feet as I crunch their peanut shells. When I'm a pace further on, they flutter mechanically back into the debris. Shirt-sleeved factory workers stare at me for an instant and see only a form similar to their own. Vision, one of our slim contacts with the outside world. Light impinges on the retina, the optic nerve twitches, the brain goes into its metamorphic act. Carry out the equation and you get the arbitrary standards that pass as universals. Paper appears smooth but magnify it and the texture becomes as rough as volcanic mountains. Needle points become dull enough and spacious enough to hold a thousand dancing angels. The human face is something you wouldn't dare touch. Another anomaly he thought, and anomalies get you nowhere. Think about shirt-sleeves and fac-

tory workers or bare legs and chorus queens; better still, think of nothing at all. Absolutely nothing. Suck thought from mind and memory and sit in the vacuum. Grovel in the gutter of inconsequentials and forget about imponderables. Pile the physical and tangible over your head and lose yourself in the darkness. Live in canyons and never make the mad mistake of looking for mountain peaks. Knowledge is so illusionary and false that the word demands to be torn bodily from the context of language and trod into the ground amid the split peanut shells and dry lumps of expectorated mucus, torn and tortured into a shapeless unfamiliarity and then ground into the dirt by some sharp-edged heel. There is no knowledge. There is opinion, however, and we spit it out day after day after day. Opinion piles up like driftwood on a beach, multiple and variegated, a piece to fit our every use.

Canning felt an inner constriction. He straightened and breathed deeply but his stomach tightened with the mounting nervousness. To fight it back he lit a cigarette and let the smoke circle the depths of his throat. After a decisive moment he felt easier.

Nothing but opinion passed off as knowledge, he remembered. The meanness of the thing appeared before him in all its nakedness. And the application fits every conceivable subject. Argue one from a specific angle, reverse your position, and it still comes out logically. Argue throughout eternity and never hit honest positiveness, much less truth. The more you know the more conscious you become of what remains to be known and what can't be known. Perhaps even facts are false. Perhaps facts are like an impressionist's objects in light, changing as the light changes. So nothing is really valid. Nothing whatsoever. It was, he saw, abject futility. He had come too far to turn back even to inconsequentials. Leave it here, he decided. Leave it in this park of contrasts and let others find it for themselves. And if they miss it, well, so much the better. Happy are the blind.

Canning left the Common, climbed the Hill, and walked through narrow cobbled streets. Presently he came to the river. He sat on a bench and waited for the sun to disappear westward over Middlesex villages. As he waited, he remembered to throw away his locker key, and then for a long time he watched the day slip away.

Soon a huge neon beer sign on the Cambridge side began to blink derisively.

SONNET

Just listen or stand, inspect in the look,
With the silent birds. See, then sing all alone,
From pleasure to hear the words of the brook
As it laughs and is tickled by the moss on the stone.

For what fun to review truth on the hill,
Where the ancient wind blows and beauty is spent
In the vigorous dance of the good daffodil.
Can lucency give a more enduring content?

We glimpse in the light; are afraid and step quick
Past the Trio of Values to retrieve lost domains
Of spilled-precious time by the forge of the tick,
Which the noble Triumverate collects and retains.

We live in the shadows, terrified by the light;
Rearrange our intolerances to say we are right.

Jonathan Lambert, '49

HIGH-CHAIR REVERIES

Cornelio de Kanter, '49

A BROAD grin on Stephen's drool-soaked lips and a twinkle in his Delft-blue eyes are the only indications that all the activity in the kitchen is being absorbed and stored away in his hyper-active little mind.

After a healthy breakfast the content young man slumps against the padding of his high chair. One arm lies flat on top of the tray, the little fingers spreading and closing aimlessly around his spoon. His feet move at random like the tip of a satisfied cat's tail. Stephen seems deeply lost in thought. Yet discoveries are made as he notices the scurrying people around him. Not one of his elder brother's antics escapes him. Every movement, as he sees it performed before him, is studied carefully, imprinted in his memory, and filed away for future use. From one person to the other his eyes roll, yet the twinkle and the smile remain unchanged. He is observing movements that will later become his in the world of tomorrow.

Then an inquisitive, deeply concentrated look overrides his grin. Furrows line his forehead. He has slipped one hand under the tray of the chair and has grasped his foot. Slowly his fingers work around the contours of his toes. Not the slightest sign of recognition can be seen on the intent little face, which expresses complete comfort and lassitude. This mood continues for half a minute, then his foot slips out of his hand and, having lost its support, clatters against the step of the high chair.

Stunned by the noise and the impact, Stephen looks around to find that all of us have followed his every move. (It is incredible how much mischief and joy can be revealed by the changeable features and piquant expressions of a ten-months'-old child.) A sheepish grin curves his lips, and with a grunt of satisfaction he jerks his body upright. His short chubby legs describe fantastic arcs and circles to the accompaniment of irregular bangings of his spoon. Then a piercing, blatant shriek announces that Stephen's reveries are forgotten.

POEM

The night was almost done and our ship,
A warmhearted white ship, moved eastward
On long Atlantic swells; like a slumbering giant,
At home in the gray misted dawn. Drawn as
If by the pull of an urgent magnet, *The Atlantis*
Moved gently but surely toward the low rind
Of earth that was Africa. The eager eyes of
Khaki tourists watched the shore heave its
Defenses up as this adventure-land conquered
The horizon. In the sun's first glance the hills
Were mysterious to eyes whose last sight
Of shore had been of the disappearing, flat-coasted
America, where part of our hearts remained.
Bright in the morning sunshine was the lighthouse,
Lightless now in the dark of wartime,
And not far from its feet lay a rusting
Skeleton of another ship, nameless to me but
A companion in my memory, one of the small
Sacrifices to a world now again gone mad.
Packs of iron-clawed wolves had of late years
Added new dread to the ocean's wildest tempests
And it seemed to me symbolic that a dark
French submarine was that day our neighbor
In port. The small tricolor brought murmurs
Of De Gaulle, even then magic words of
Hope and courage to a nation enslaved.
The first, friendly sun rose into burning torment
And West Africa seemed to chuckle in the dancing
Midday heat at our pale, western discomfort. In
That crystal blast of noon the green hills became
Hard. We had grim company in the boiling harbor
But the ships seemed secretive and austere friends
In a Jesuit way. We talked and guessed but men
In distant places gave orders and as eagerly awaited.

Dusk soothed the crisped and parched men we were,
The Atlantis roused herself and in calm obedience
Slipped back into the Atlantic. Freetown, a well
Hated port to her intimates remained and remains
For me, an intriguing and unhealthy mystery. Some
Swear God hated man when he made West Africa,
Yet she still taunts me. "Come," she says, assured of
Victory, "Come and learn my secrets, if you dare."

NOTE: The Atlantis *was, during the war, a British hospital ship; the first and favorite of five ships which accomplished my wartime transportation. It was the only one on which the ports could be open after dusk.*

Robert W. Herbert, '50

SONNET

This wind that from a south-land garden blows,
Rich with the fragrance of a thousand flowers;
This wind that like a benediction flows
Across our spirits in these fevered hours;
That subtly ushers in the green of spring,
That wafts the summer's music to the ear,
That does a scarlet dress to autumn bring,
And heaps up whiteness to complete the year:

But Oh! the wrecked ships on the rocky shore,
The conscript sailors drowning in the foam,
The tropic hurricane's prodigious roar
Feared even by New Englander at home;
This virgin wind that carves the shapely dune
May also mother tempest and typhoon.

John W. Coote, '51

BOJO

Thomas C. F. Lowry, '49

UP the dark, satanic hills and down ran little Bojo, leaping small leaps and skipping now and then. It was not a whole bouquet but now and then a small blossom would he pick to thrust his lisping lips between—to chew and suck the marrowed sweetness of it all. And, oh, he was so happy!

He saw not far from where he was a tree lying in its shade weeping softly to itself. Tiptoe coming on him said Bojo to the green thing stretched there, "Wherefore weep you, growing thing? And is not life and joy yours like mine and Mamma's?"

"My sainted aunt!" rustled the tree discontentedly, "You'd be unhappy too if your chlorophyll were turning blue."

"But I have no chlorophyll, don't you know," said little Bojo. "I feast and dine and drink the wine with benefit of lungs and teeth and blood," cried he, stretching wide his yawning, soft-white arms as if the point to prove, and breathing deeply just to reassure—you never can be too sure really—and who cares if once and now you sneak in an extra puff or two? The thought made him quite ill, for the breath whiffling through his nose reminded him of *El Toro Cigaro* in the bright red and golden band with cellophane too which once had he puffed and huffed.

So on he ran to the small electric organ of his imagination. It rondeaued and trilled and often made him prance with martial pride his great, black-nigger stallion, or again did it make him turn off in the arms of a beautiful, white lady with bits of glass in her hair and sweet smells about her.

A little farther on across this widest of all plains he came to a quiet and contented brook peacefully running within its banks. And Bojo was thirsty, so on his belly down he lay to drink of the crisp, cool color of this good stream. He tried to find out why it was so happy, but no sooner did he say one word than it laughed at him and was gone and he had to begin all over again. He tired of this, and

threw a stone at the brook as though to punish it. It took it with a hollow thug and small splash, and then laughed at him. Bojo grinned, waved good-by this time, and ran off up a hill from which he could see far off in the distance. He got a stone in his shoe, and he sat down to take it out. Throwing away the pebble, he laid back his head in the grass gazing into the oh-so-blue sky and the clouds there. "Have to squint. Have to squint. Have to squint," he mused in his mind clenching into fists his hands at the thought. "Why squint? Have to squint. Why squint? Have to squint." All this stopped him from squinting, for it made him close his eyes. He closed them tight—very tight—screwed them up so that he trembled. Pleased with the effort, he lay still again, then jumped up, and ran off kicking a rusty tomato can in front of him. It rang dully with his foot describing red and label-white arcs through the air and rolling and tumbling along the ground until he kicked it again. The label came loose, and flapped making a banner for the can, and Bojo kicked it harder and harder until he became quite tired. He wanted the brook now very much even though it wouldn't talk to him, for it was cool and there were trees by its banks that were tall and green and that gave shade.

It was late afternoon now; the sun was slanting across the ground giving even the grass and the golden rod long, fantastic shadows. Bojo watched his walk with tremendous legs and dangling arms and a peculiar drawn-out head. He faced it, stretched his legs apart, hugged it, kissed it, spit upon it, and then spoke to it—softly at first. No answer. Then louder until he *could* hear it answer him. He didn't say "hello" or any of that, but "darn" and "damn" and "hell," and then used to its answering, "I like you, Bojo. Can you come home with me tonight? You'll like it there—most of the time. I do." And then a softer "Yes", but he heard it and was glad.

Bojo and his shadow went home together that night.

SENTENCE FOR DEPARTURE

"*When you leave a country, you leave behind something of your heart.*"—Old Belgian Proverb.

I

Crumbled the cities, templed citadels
Leveled in ruins among decrepit flowers
And what messages from sharp bells
But hiatus, turn denizens to hours

Upon deserts. But travelers by land
Or ocean with discovery in their vein
Need not answer confines hills demand
Nor in departure struggle to remain.

See, see, the ivory tower tumbles
Over violets, lopsides the universe,
And suddenly the soaring swallow fumbles
His altitude. Futility is worse.

I shall not trample fallen mountains
Nor sift my hand through broken skies, nor breathless
Lilacs touch intemperately where fountains
Have lost such voices, but memory is deathless.

II

I ask you to remember neither fall
Of weather, diurnal differences, nor how
Climax came by seasons, but recall
Some changeless aspects, prithee, here and now.

Vanes will needle winds for any century
As limbs unlock some mystery in breeze
At night, leaves serenade eternity
Of earth and March clouds snag white reveries in trees.

Surely the immutable is not singular
To preference. This graniteness of stone
Must take all marvel kindlier
From mind because each mind expires alone

Before known wisdom topples or age slow
Progress stops. The world waits walled by hills
As we live walled like stony Jericho
Rumbling deep our death when trumpet wills.

III

Said Lamb, say I, the old familiar faces
Pass by forever passersby, astream
Verve voice and laughter. Catching profile traces
Imbibing eye, before, as closing dream,

A reminiscence, Oh well, times away.
Suns looked askance on us, our unconcerned
Full fleshed stance traded shadows day and day.
In classes, Ho hum, brittle truths were learned

To be forgotten sooner than the old
The old familiar faces and the heart.
Temper that fragile time before you fold
Like doubled straw, and compromise your part

Of breathing, when steep carillons swirl back
Like sanctuaries over barren places
Rebuilding shattered moments, the mind's lack,
With old the old the old familiar faces.

IV

Observe: chaste elms stand up like victory,
And grass bent with a drowsy sun bends with
Their shadows wavered thin in quick or sea
Swelled shimmery. Pillared air huge as monolith

In April's matin early in the foliaceous
Daylight lures pigeons bolt their proud
Existence on flooded wing and lo gracious
Songbirds thunder tired worlds O loud

Hosannas, absolution clear as watered glass.
Since suns cannot sequester past last Westing
Nor mind nor breath, even such song shall pass
Down deceased evenings of tomorrows, wresting

Predominance of years, but never achieving
Recapture alas springtimes mapping green
Ah glorious worlds. Now in our time of leaving
Be with us, O you songsters into hearts, echoed sun and scene.

John P. Fandel, '48

EDITORS' NOTE: *The following articles are the official expressions of the feelings of the three student political clubs on campus. In view of the importance of the coming presidential elections, the Editors of the* Review *feel that the publishing of such material is vitally important.*

NOURISHING THE TREE OF LIBERTY

Webster L. Simons, Jr., '49
Trinity Democratic Club

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW once remarked about America's "volcanic political instinct." Perhaps this is what has erupted on the Trinity campus this spring. To the passer-by, however, the political interest is probably attributed to the more concrete issues of the approaching election. While the majority of the student body has commented on the political parties, few as yet have shown active interest. Our objective is to waken this interest and change it to action. The essence of American government is direct representation of the people by leaders chosen through organized parties. The oldest one in continuous existence is the Democratic Party, established May 13, 1792, by Thomas Jefferson. Only through membership in a party can Americans participate in nominating leaders and forming policies. It thus stands to reason that one's college years are not too early in life to begin taking an active interest in one's government. Because of the large number of veterans and other older students now in college, there is a majority of eligible voters. It is the duty of each citizen, especially in this critical election year, to affiliate himself with an effective political instrumentality. Our aim is to kindle such an interest in everyone at Trinity, and more specifically, to establish in them the beliefs of the Democratic Party.

The Democratic Party has always stood for progressive government to improve and perfect our social and economic order. Through the liberal democratic government of the past seventeen years our country has maintained the position of leader and protector of freedom. It is significant that the Democratic Party has always stood for a government by the people, a principle that has been adopted by every party coming into existence since the forming of the Democratic

Party. This principle was advanced by Jefferson and Madison and other able leaders of the "gentleman class," who in spite of their aristocratic background brought the people to the point of political efficiency where they could and would intelligently exercise their just powers. Through improvements in travel and communication, extension of the suffrage, and the growth of national interest, the reins of the new government were miraculously entrusted to able members of the landed aristocracy who acted for and were supported by the majority of the people. It really was not until a quarter of a century after the birth of the new government that the people were a genuine power. Since then the party has been actively run by the people instead of for the people, and perhaps the greatest reason for its continuation is its firm foundation.

The Young Democratic Clubs of America have been active since 1932 in public affairs and in studying the problems of national, state, and municipal government. One of their greatest supporters was the late President Franklin D. Roosevelt, who realized America's need of enlisting young people in the cause of good government. The Young Democratic Clubs attract members because they are the young people's branch of *the* liberal party. Our Trinity Democratic Club as yet is not officially connected with the national youth group, but in our processes of organization we are having its full cooperation and assistance.

The Trinity Democratic Club has formed to interest the students in the problems of their government; to encourage them to take an active interest in politics and public affairs through the Democratic Party; to preserve the liberal and constructive traditions of the Democratic Party; to provide a forum in which members may study and discuss contemporary social and economic issues; to acquaint members with candidates for offices; and through these associations to promote friendship among students from all sections of the United States.

In a country as large as ours, sectional interests and traditions always enter into legislation, especially in a representative government. Thus it becomes an added opportunity for us to understand through discussion the social and economic situations in the home regions of the other members of our club. Now is the best time for us to use what we learn about our country from studies and acquaintances. Here at Trinity we have the good fortune to recognize,

through knowledge of the past, what needs to be done in the future, and at the same time to see what means of progress can be made. The intelligent, liberal policies of the Democratic Party show us how to cope with the responsibilities we take on as citizens.

YOUNG REPUBLICANISM

David S. Smith, '50
Young Republican Club

OVER one hundred years ago Disraeli said, "The youth of a nation are the trustees of posterity." This quotation may sound like an elaboration upon the obvious, and yet to one who is conversant with the organization it is impossible not to see the obligation which in inherent in this principle vigorously accepted by Young Republicans everywhere and translated into real action.

The fact that, in 1947, forty-five of the forty-eight states and the District of Columbia have organizations of active, thriving Republican Clubs, is significant, but not nearly as significant as the keenness of the interest of the Young Republicans whom I have met on occasion and who are devoting most of their outside hours and talents to the development of an ambitious Young Republican program.

It was Plutarch who said, "Politics is a way of life; it is a life of a person who is born with a love for public life, for the desire of honor, the feeling for his fellows, and lasts as long as need be." Indeed this is what Young Republicans all over the nation have learned: that politics is the dynamo of a republic, and that if they are to have a successful republican government they must participate in politics. So it is the Young Republican organizations which are taking the lead in improving their governments on the city, state, and national level and becoming a vital force in the community.

Moreover, Young Republicanism is not expanding in one direction alone. It is moving into new fields of political action as yet untried. This year sees the formation and initiation of a Young

Republican collegiate program which has already shown great success. Young Republicanism is even moving into high schools and prep schools. It has become a concrete form of expression for young people generally.

Hence, Young Republicanism is an expanding, energetic, driving force for a truly American, progressive way of life. The Young Republican National Federation is the vehicle which channels the energies and talents of Young Republicans toward this tremendous goal.

STATEMENT OF THE LIBERAL STUDENTS' COMMITTEE

Ralph D. Prigge, '48
Liberal Students Committee

IF America is to survive as a democracy, she must have a more realistic alignment of political forces. The country today faces a period of far-reaching change in its economic structure, in its political institutions, in its social outlook, and in its relations with other nations. We can surmount the crisis through democratic processes only if the basic forces at work in the world are made clear to the common citizen, the real issues brought into the open and a national plan of operation formulated.

Today we live under one party rule. No scrapping over spoils, no disagreements over strategy and timing, no amount of fine-sounding speeches and gestures for liberal support can obscure this fundamental fact. Our democracy lives by the expression of the free choice of its citizens. Yet, on the basic foreign and domestic issues that affect the lives of all Americans, we are today denied any opportunity to choose. In the third year since victory, a "bipartisan" bloc governs us in the name of an undeclared emergency.

This bloc, absorbed in nothing but a blind fear and hatred of communism, is leading us down the road to war and ruin by propping

up reaction abroad and suppressing freedoms at home. The policy of supporting Greek reaction with American dollars, led by Truman, controlled by Wall Street, backed by the military, and paid for by peace-loving citizens, has failed. Instead of backing the great mass of Greeks in their democratic opposition to both communism and monarchial reaction, we have spent immense sums of money to aid one extreme in its battle for control. We have polarized Greek politics, as we have politics in Italy and China, and as we are at present doing in France. The genuine expression of historic liberalism and freedom, as exemplified in the moderate and socialist parties of Europe, is being forced out in country after country as we outdo the Russians in the very tactics which our leaders publicly deplore.

And here at home events are taking just as ugly a turn. Millions upon millions of Americans fear to speak out against policies they know are dangerous and potentially ruinous. If they speak frankly, they know they may suffer loss of jobs and social standing. They have been intimidated by the current campaign of Congress and the press which brands every progressive idea "communistic". The case of Dr. Condon is but one shameful example in the long list of "bipartisan" violations of civil rights.

We have reached a point where both major parties stand convicted by their own actions. The "Republocrat" coalition since the war on every basic issue of public welfare, housing, health, price control, taxes, and above all, freedom of expression, has cast its vote against the people of this country. Daily we see more clearly that both parties are controlled by only a small minority of powerful interests. Rejecting our nation's history and traditions, it allies itself with dictators abroad and reactionaries and race-baiters at home.

We have formed the Liberal Students Committee here at Trinity to join in the great and continuing fight to revitalize America's political life. We realize the odds. We know that the worst elements of the "bipartisan" bloc may gain temporary control. But the immediate setback is worth taking if meanwhile the sound foundation has been laid for the truly liberal political force which America must have in order to survive as a democracy.

TAKE FOUR H's

Irvin C. Wade, '48

THE HUT

AS he stood in the doorway of his hut, John knew that he would grow to hate him. Even before he spoke John knew that his voice would be a rasping, annoying whine, and that he would begin and end each sentence with a four letter word. When he spoke he did not disappoint John.

He shook the water from his poncho, and stamped his combat boots in the doorway, leaving a red streak across the door sill. He glanced at John's crumpled barracks bag in the corner, and the untidy pile of magazines atop it. His gaze returned to John, and he spoke again—this time almost defensively.

"My name's Sergeant Hawkins. You just get off the train with them other ASTP guys?" John nodded affirmatively, and replied that they were told to put their bags in the huts and to await further orders. He then gave John a silly look which he was to come to know so well. "Smart boy, eh, so you picked a hut all by yourself. Guess you heard the others were going on K.P.—didn't you?" John replied that on the contrary, the other huts were filled so he had to take this one. The Sergeant started to redden and John could tell for the first time that he had an unruly shaft of red hair intensified by large red freckles splotched over his face. "Well, smart boy, you can have this hut ready for inspection in thirty minutes—and Goddamnit, I mean thirty minutes! You guys ain't in the ASTP any more. You're in the Infantry whether you like it or not!"

As he turned to leave, John could not help inwardly smiling at the small figure swallowed in the flowing poncho with the burning red-splashed face. Watching him disappear up the company street in the swirling rain, John laughed to himself. He vaguely remembered someone telling him how important first impressions are. He turned to look at the dirty hut, and cursed Sergeant Hawkins for the first time. It was the simple beginning of an elaborate ritual.

THE HELL

By the end of three months of living in the same infantry company John's dislike of Sergeant Hawkins had grown into a beautiful hatred. It had not grown by leaps and bounds, but it had mounted in a rather beautiful ever-ascending order, insuring a firm foundation. The gods winked maliciously and Sergeant Hawkins became John's section sergeant; they both moved into a closer range for open hostility. The Sergeant always thoughtfully saved the more onerous details for John to do after he finished carrying around a machine gun under the Louisiana sun.

By July maneuvers John had skillfully managed to incur the eternal enmity of his platoon sergeant, and he with Sergeant Hawkins joined forces to give John the undisputed privilege of helping dig every sump on maneuvers. John's curses were now in pyramidal fashion reaching to the sky, seeking vengeance and refuge in French and German phraseology. It all seemed so right—this hate.

Even in the dark, dreary days of the battle for Louisiana, however, John had his moments of victory. For some reason known only to God John decided to try for the Expert Infantryman's Badge, and so did Sergeant Hawkins. To attain this dubious honor of the Badge, it was necessary to go through a series of tests which only prove that Darwin's evolutionary theory is correct. While swinging none too merrily from one of those giant oaks, Sergeant Hawkins was disqualified for not looking animated enough. It was a blow from which the sergeant never really fully recovered—or rather a wound which John was to keep throbbing. By some Act of God John emerged at the end of the day's tests smiling and triumphant; he had won his Badge. Thereafter, John was to wear his Badge at every dress formation and watch Sergeant Hawkins die a little each time.

THE HOME

It was a most imposing structure to twenty tired eyes although it was just another half-timbered peasant home in just another part of Bavaria on just another early spring night. Sergeant Hawkins and John found themselves temporary allies against a more pressing enemy—but only during the daytime. Only during the time in which

they could not indulge in the luxury of thinking; at night they had time to think through tired brain cells, and they thought of hate—good, clean hate. It made their bodies less tired and their muscles tingle with renewed life.

But even the night-hoarding of hate could not stop the on-coming outburst, and John secretly wondered if this were the night. They were all tired and the forced march during the day had not helped their jagged nerves and underfed emotional outlets. They were driving past Munich with as yet no stiff enemy resistance, and the non-coms seemed to sense that the war was nearing completion. It wasn't difficult to tell: they accidentally forgot to stand guard; they didn't offer to take the machine gun on forced marches any more; they began to disappear when a member of the platoon forgot to say sergeant. Things were getting back to normal. Soon their hierarchy would hold sway again. It wasn't, however, until John glimpsed the rest of his squad's faces that he knew tonight would be the night.

Everything went as usual for the first hour. The German family was put into one bedroom, and the squad took the rest of the house. They supplemented their K Rations with unwilling chickens from the courtyard, eggs always hidden in a false beer keg in the cellar and the best beer which could be coaxed from its reticent owner.

The house guard was posted, starting in the reverse order of the squad, and each man told his relief where he was sleeping for the night. John was next to Sergeant Hawkins in pulling guard, and he asked the sergeant where he was sleeping. He seemed to ignore John's question, and he repeated it. The sergeant finally replied that he wasn't feeling too well tonight and thought he wouldn't pull it. John found out where the unwell sergeant was sleeping before he went to bed that night.

John didn't sleep much that night, but he tossed and turned on the straw mattress until someone tapped him on the shoulder John recognized the guard whom he was to relieve; he stayed be side John until he got up. The guard moved uneasily from one foot to the other. "About Hawkins," he said. "Watch out; he's laying for you tonight. He knows that you're going to wake him for guard. Be careful."

"Forget it," John whispered, "and get some sleep. You must be out on your feet."

The next two hours of John's guard were the longest of his life. The hours seemed to stretch into infinity. He wished that he were sleepy, but he knew he had never been more awake, more acutely aware of his own being. The house was silent except for an occasional groan from the bedrooms, and the thick smell of heated milk and straw filled the narrow hallway. Outside it was no better—a damp, limp wind brought the heavy odor of hay and manure from across the courtyard. A cow moved in the stall, and John leaped back into the shadows. He laughed nervously to himself and lit a cigarette. A full moon swept over the courtyard and fell at his feet. He stepped into the moonlight and turned around to face the house. There was something in that house which was intrinsically evil; it was Hate in the form of a red-headed sergeant. It was a hate of which he was co-guilty of sharing. It was a hate which would be resolved in a few minutes, and then it would no longer be hate.

He looked up into the sky; it was a friendly night. He started to say a prayer, and then he began laughing softly to himself. He wondered if God would understand a prayer about hate. It was a new thought to him and he reached for his carbine instinctively. Again he laughed but this time without humor. The Army had trained him well—even to protect himself against God. He threw the cigarette down, smashed it with his foot and re-entered the house.

Inside the house all was still sleeping-death. He lit a candle in the hall and began to read an old edition of the *New Yorker*. Somehow the stories seemed ridiculously threadbare, but then this wasn't exactly his idea of sophisticated surroundings. His glance fell on a wooden crucifix on the wall, and he quickly looked away. John looked at the dancing shadows the candle gave to the hall. He raised his eyes once more to the crucifix, and he knew what he had to do. He would talk to Hawkins, he would try to reason with him. He'd have to convince Hawkins that he was sincere. Hawkins would probably laugh at him. He had at least to give it a trial.

John's luminous watch dial showed four o'clock. It was time to wake Hawkins; it was time to rekindle hate. Why not let him sleep and talk it over with him privately in the morning? John stopped himself. That was a stupid rationalization. John opened the bedroom door and closed it softly behind him.

Hawkins was sleeping in a double bed in the corner; another body was breathing heavily across the room. An erie bit of moonlight—flimsy and delicate—floated through a heavy curtain at the window and landed at the foot of the Sergeant's bed. John placed his hands on Hawkin's shoulders and started to shake him gently; his stiffened body told John he was not asleep. John spoke aloud. "Sergeant Hawkins, wake up. Time for your guard."

"Feel like hell—how about waking one of the other guys up?"

"You didn't eat a bad meal tonight for a sick man. Besides, I'd like to talk to you about something that's been bothering me."

"Yeah? Like what?"

"Us. I man the way we've been getting along and—"

"O.K., Goddamit, O.K.!"

"I'll wait for you out in the courtyard."

"Why the courtyard?"

"We'll wake the men if we talk in the hall. Coming out?"

"Yeah, I'm coming. Let me get my boots on."

John walked out into the courtyard, not looking at the crucifix in the hallway as he passed. He walked over to the other side of the courtyard and disappeared into the shadows. Just in case Hawkins had any ideas.

The Sergeant opened the door cautiously, still staying within the darkness of the house. His voice rang out. "Where are you John? Can't seem to see you. What's that you wanted to talk about?"

It seemed to John to be a private eternity before he could pry his own mouth open. "What's that?"

"Meet you in the center of the courtyard. It's light enough there for you, ain't it, John?"

John moved towards the center of the pool of moonlight, holding his carbine, safety off, at his side. The Sergeant moved from the other direction, walking slowly and adjusting his eyes to the light. John noticed that the Sergeant's hands were also at his side.

They met in the middle of the courtyard as a cloud spread over the moon. John spoke first. "I've been thinking—I've been thinking a lot tonight. This whole damned thing has gone far enough. I'm willing to call it quits, if you are. All I ask is a little cooperation from you."

"By God, I'm glad to hear you say that. Goddamit, let's shake on that, eh John. You ain't a bad kid. Bygones be bygones. O. K.?"

"Sure, sure Sergeant—bygones be bygones. I'll shake to that. I—I feel better about the whole damned thing somehow."

"Better run up and get some sleep. Wait! What's that moving over there in the shadows? See what I mean?"

"No. Where? Can't see a damned thing—the moon's gone."

"Over there. Take a look will you?"

"Sure. Keep me covered." John moved cautiously toward the shadows across the courtyard, trying to adjust his eyes. The moon suddenly came from behind the cloud.

The Sergeant's voice broke the silence. "Watch out behind you, John!" John reeled around just in time to see the Sergeant's carbine glistening in the moonlight, and he felt a sharp pang in his thigh. Somewhere he heard an echo explode. As he fell he heard a shout from the house, and then the world became circles of black and white.

THE HOPE

John was told days later after having been dismissed from a field hospital that Sergeant Hawkins was accidentally killed the day after John had attacked him. Someone told him that the Sergeant had been hit by some stray bullets in an ambush on the *autobahn* to Munich.

John attended a Requiem Mass for the remembrance of Sergeant Hawkins' soul held in the Regimental Chapel Tent that following week. As he sat on the wooden bench during the service, he held the cross of his rosary in the palm of his hand. He looked down at it for what seemed a long time.

John felt for the first time that perhaps God did after all know the meaning of hate.